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Nearest Nameless

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Nearest Nameless

So damn familiar
Most of the time,
I don't even know you are here
My life,
My portion of eternity,

A little shiver,
As if the chill of the grave
Is already
Catching up with me—
No matter.

Descartes smelled
Witches burning
While he sat thinking
Of a truth so obvious
We keep failing to see it.

I never knew it either
Till today.
When I heard a bird shriek,
The cat is coming,
And I felt myself tremble.